

Trope

## Becoming-Porcine

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**Marvin Charles Santos**

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Dear sir,  
It has been noted by the Registrar's Office that there were multiple errors in your student grade entries for the last grading period. Explain in three working days why no punitive measures will be imposed upon you. \*//

The teacher does not reflect. He instructs. Sure, reflect; reflection but discrete reflection. Reflection to refine instruction. And isn't reflection *in itself* reflection to refine instruction? Instruct tasks. Tasks to facilitate multitasks. Reflect. Erect scaffolds. Refract. Scaffolds for the grand edifice-to-be-erected; construct module-pillars, detail admin-to-faculty logistics, brainstorm, water the creative gardens, cascade information, abide by the principles of teaching, integrate performance tasks, re(ar)ticulate syllabi and *ding*, the KPI flashes green.

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Accreditation week. Whenever we would show signs of breaking down, pep talks. Coffee pep talks. The cabals descend unto their gardens for coffee pep talks; caffeine imbibement is dismal irrigation. Casual talk: this is a family, after all. I am offered a cup but I refuse. Casual small talk. *We understand how tired and at times confused you all are. But these are just the birth pains.* They say in unison, in between sips. *This is the new paradigm. Look at us tirelessly studying it* Says the one who has just finished his second MA: in Sydney, mind you. *We can only catch up, we have to catch up*, bowed one of the old guard. They gesture outside, to a near-future they say has already arrived. *Now everyone, become good rhizomes.*

Post-EDSA saw new edicts from the imperial core. The old priests tried to study it vigorously, only to be replaced swiftly by the cabal. But it was a fortuitous transition, the old priests say after slight head-scratching. It is the old making way for the new, from the cassock to... the bowtie. Some would take longer to integrate—misplaced clinging to their displaced god—

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but they integrated. A few were instant converts: for what is to come is beyond God's judgement. The true silence of God is not Endo's silence, it is God's silence (fear?) in the face of hypercapital. Crypto-Tofflerian premonitions congeal into eschatology 4.0 and ascend to ascesis 4.0. Accelerate ascesis. More profound than self-flagellation is business ontology.

Faculty meeting: final day of accreditation week. The principal modulates, tries his best Steve Jobs impression: "We are billiard balls hitting each other in mechanical contingency. From that fishball vendor to that businessman late for his meeting. From the janitor in the toilets to the CEO and the board. Everyone plays a part; everything works out. Overtone: //Hypercapital moves us all. All that we must know and must do is to smoothen the table. Eventually, all the balls go in. Eventually. Or not.//

So how's this then:

To whom it may concern,

Regarding the case of incorrect data entries, I would like to assure you that they were not done deliberately. Upon opening the Excel file, I immediately assumed that the sheet shown was the sheet for the 2nd grading period. After all, we had just finished the 2nd grading period. As I proceeded to encode the grades as normal, I didn't notice that, for some reason, the sheet I was copying from was for the 1st grading period. Like a billiard ball simultaneously affecting and being affected by contingent mechanical forces, I cannot claim 100% agency and accountability for this mishap. Just like you were compelled (impelled?) by the faculty manual and the decades-long system of neo (4.0)-colonial education to send me a memo to explain lest I get fired. & just like this letter itself is a play done for courtesy. Would you also ask a letter from my exhaustion? How about from my overloaded schedule? Or neoliberalism and state fascism? The anthropocene? Or do I only become an autonomous agent when it is convenient for punishment?

Warmest regards,